THE

FREE LANCE

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WIVES

the house was made beautiful
by her weak hands (he said they were weak)
    he looked at his plate and could not
    tell you the color of the curtains
cool, it was, and quiet
like her
    and in another room
    the children slept
    the soft loves who wriggled and shrieked
    and wobbled after her hugging her legs
    the helpless monsters who
    grabbed her time
    and chuckling, held her in sticky fists
    who screamed if she left them

it was night now
and he had gone
        he could
        his legs were free
        of tugging hands
she sat limp not looking at the plates and pots
tossed wildly in the sink
    they never told her
    she didn't know it was like this
    she didn't know she had to do it
    all.

-- s. e. moray

SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1959

Plans for a busy day,
After a night of no sleep,
Listening to the customers,
Coming and going next door,
Where the prostitute lay;
Plans in orbit whirling,
And up I coffee down,
And address another fifty folded envelopes;
Rushed by the glass clock,
To the post office -
To the drug store for tooth paste, cigarettes;
Stumbling to the currency exchange,
To pay planned bills in checked paper,
- Rushed to the laundryette, waiting,
Nervously drinking a cup of machine-coffee...
Plans for a busy day
On the way. And I

Rushed each minute to a point
Of anxiety. Paused in my eyes,
A pool of liquid.

Tonight? Oh, yes, tonight
We planned (we planned my wife
And I)
To play in the house of friends,
To laugh shrimps down like love,
And listen to loud limp muse music;
And to discuss with equals, important nothings.
Yes, tonight, all night,
To drink cognac, to laugh.
Will I relax in the cushioned seat?

Rushed each moment,
Where my eyes spill out,
Pushed into a second of light,
Never to shine again.

-- Clarence Major

BROODINGS

Its so damn hard...to find
That right person...who sees the vision
...In exactly the same field
Of sight...you saw it in...and to
Accept it...Its so uncommon
To find a moment of mutual triumph
...You would do better to stand
On your head full of black hair
...Or your bald head...
Like now I may be offending some
Narrow minded person...That's
What I mean...Can one open one's
Mouth...and say in the back of
One's mind...To hell with every-
Body...No...One cannot neglect
One's investment in blood and flesh
...One's trust in the human promise
...Yes it goes that deep...Deeper
It sounds so cheap to say there
Are tricks and to use the tricks
Of the trade...Any trade...But it
is precisely the way to fortune...
Since so many stupid persons are

Desperate for feeding themselves
Powerful artifacts...And not truth
Of art...Of beauty...of love...
Since the human mind collected
On a raised performance is low
In energy...We must wait for an
Eternity...for the moon...for
The sun..for the rhythms in grass
...For the color of skins...
For everything curious to pause
Before we fill in the vacancy...

-- Clarence Major

ON THE DEMOLITION

Abject, its listen full'd - up'd
somber'd into illusion and mystery
as in expectation of some unearth appear;
a bleak consternation at Judgement
after'd by skeleton'd rouse!

Abrupt dark'd out at my approach
footfall'n through the hush
feelingly yew (along'd by shadow lamp.)

About null, dole of outcast yores,
the erst of which, wind, no dawn's
vast'd through. Montrous fled
(like leaves that roar avaunt in horroring astound)
left a cease.

As in thence I saw
its late illumned;
diagram'd into diagram;
sag's lax Euclid'd;
and the Eratosthenesian measured anew:

(notwithstanding: the towers up
vain'd endure under the confectioning of sun
that little in immeasurable
lessened down the sky.)

About the sidestreets more;
filth'd hush nigh or gutter:
seldom opened silences of door
or around train rails further.
Warehouses lone-flung
cryptic bridge over
which a car on'd.
(even decay passes: if but a death could permanently ki

Shorn houses? shadows in veer
toward progeny next year.

Tonight, revisiting, feel furious air
everyplace a vacant exclaim
in this, a momentary illusion of end:
while unkeptsakes of yesterness
wild terribly hither and fro
under the medusa'd over.

Clad of shrub shreds to rush
and for the exodus'd
difficult will snow

Og tonight of F
terrible og, a lamp
was F and og its drear
um um came too
For hours F stood
of made no sound
nor moved some slow
could move if og
permitted Even

so slow would
come upon F
until og turned to F
and thus Fog

--Russell Atkins

THE ANGLO-SAXON LOVER

I cannot say "I love you";
I am not allowed
by the convention of the over-mannered crowd
of which I am a member now, to tell you
that I can think of little else but "we" and "our"

Though it be true
that even the external objects of the world;
by which I am surrounded,
of which I am so very little part,
seem oddly indescribable,
except in words that can incorporate
in their entirety,
the extraverbal language of the heart,
the emotional vocabulary of the soul,
and all those murmurings of the mind
that partake of eternity,
-it is forbidden.
All I can do is say "How very kind
of you to come with me, unbidden,
along the way that I must follow".
Perhaps tomorrow
they will let me say
"Ich liebe dich", "ti amo", "cherie, que je t'aime".
But that can never be the same
as knowing that you know I love you, now.

--Ray McGregor-Hastie

LETTER TO MICHAEL

Here under a Southern sky,
lonely if not alone am I,
thinking of friends as far away
as yesterday is from today.
Michael, remember long ago
a little town that knew no snow,
with narrow streets that kept the heat
from off our heads in Spring?
Repeat
our actions past we cannot do,
and this is why I write to you,
to live again in cruel Spain.
Oh, could it ever be the same
as when we sat outside the Bar
Hamburgo, travelling in talk so far
beyond the isthmus of Cadiz?

David - I wonder where he is;
sketching, perhaps, the Arabs in Tangiers,
drinking innumerable English beers,
thinking perhaps, of you and me,
the Consul's wife, the British cemetery
she fussed about, the sets
for some new play, the contraband cigarettes
we used to buy, Adolfo, Luis,
the five distinct sorts of police -
and none efficient.
Have you thought
of those Leyendas that you bought,
of Becquer, as a parting gift,
when I began to drift
I knew not where - to Alicante,

Barcelona, London, Germany,
where now you are?

A star
shines very brightly just above
me, some remembered love,
rekindled, warms me, then is gone,
like all the rest;
the test
of friendship is not in the tears
of permanence of souvenirs
hoarded against a friendless day,
so women say,
yet, will you forget
in future years
telling me how to cut my hair
to look more human (all the things
that now my memory to me brings),
and nearly a world away
think of me as a yesterday.

Or, watching a rainstorm beat
the hell out of O'Connell Street,
will you remember days gone by,
the days of David, "You and I"?

--Ray McGregor-Hastie

TIME AND THE JOURNEY

I am going where nothing is tumult
Only the source and echo of stirring praise
Until tomorrow - that is not this day's
Talkative singer but already the smolt
Leaves with sad languor for Autumn says
Soberly raiments mine to stars moult.

Ah and alack for long bye the manner
Pooled the lost summers in the lens of my hand.
Longing is the dream and the sun has made stand;
But see light the unshaken through melon mist's banner:
How is the ripe beam speaking lays of the sand,
Fruit markets and harvest bask touch of the Tanner.

So to be leaving nor for the Winter grieving
Instant to run with the song of my capture,
Safely last agonized, O succuba frap your
Nets round me for sick-love to sun brace unpeeving.
And to be nostalgically, possessing pure, not so th'inapt ure
of olden weaving away, when hope died amiss in bereaving.

-- Peter Jones

PANTOMIME AT DUSK

St. Helena's Villa, holy the bright trim
meadow
Lavender turned the fox-glove's embroidering,
Corn silken, spurged with yellow,
Field and flower ushers in the impending dusk.

Candles sputtering on straightened row, benches
Place by place, the table laid with supper rusk.
Swamp wound fluttering through
The open window lengthens this quiet dream and hope

--Irene Dayton

CONCERTO

i

As from a tower, a shrine, a voice
Intones the trinity;
And carillon of night, the supplication,
Rings in desultory fashion
Through the consciousness.

A voice, divine, the power of promise
Bursts, like dawn, the sea
Of light; and horned moon, in duplication,
Rises out of love's compassion
Through the consciousness.

And through the consciousness, a voice
Intones the trinity;
And night, and light, are diapasoned
In the conflagration, passion
Flaming into flower.

ii

Blood-red moon and sultry tune
Invade the tissues torn with pride
And forth from darkness issues
Flame and forth from flame the bride
Is world, creation, mother.

Other seasons whirled
Inside, and deeper far than flame
In darkness, heart of south or north
The tidal sweep born unafraid
Of noon, the flood-red, blood-red

Love.

--Clarence Alva Powell

YOUNG MAN OF THE WORLD

I

I am the young man of
the world. Go on
and ask me,
ask me what
I am doing

And I shall tell you
with no barbed breath,
only indifference:
I'm waiting,
waiting

for something.

II

Eighteen years molding clay
not yet dry, and tomorrow
you push it in.

Look! migratory gulls in wavy lines,
the last fine veil of stratus;
such gentle undulations
are the rhythms inherent
today
but tomorrow I inherit
your harvest of greed,
a gun
and a crazy finger.

-- E. W. Northnagel

ELEGY IN GOLD

The golden of the street lamp
was not more golden than her hair
and her flesh in the diffused glow
was but slightly less golden than these

And breasts and thighs
drenched in the long shadows
far more precious than gold
were olympian, not golden

And our thoughts were golden
as we each whispered, Forever
without sound or motion rippling
the placid gold pools of our eyes

But it was never forever
and never quite golden again
not even beneath the warm rains
nor in the autumn rich with blood

Never forever again
when snow was golden in sun banks
and icicles were gilded and long
never, though our lips were mute, praying

. . . though our thoughts were golden still

-- Judson Crews

LUCKLESS BRETHREN

If it would spring up in the midst
of multitudes and be known as single
the multitude would lift it
above the highest head
all heads one in beauty, in accord

All beautiful hands one
lifting it
to the servile self, drinking it to dregs

This was done
on many succeeding days
this through star and strangling confession
diminution receding like the multiple sea

For Melchizadec ordained the somnambulance
pissing unction
where the walls were crumbled
as if it were so and the multitude ripe
as if it were so and the gargoyles simpering

For the beauty was one the head lifted
the beauty one in the contorted hand
the beads ground to a luckless powder
sprinkled like ash
on the uplifted heads

-- Judson Crews

HERITAGE

Where are the juices now, the ichor
Thick with essence of our being?
Hear the apples rotting in the yeards,
The canker in the seed, his rhythmic
Bite, and quiet then the thorns
Of trembling boughs that struck
With moon cold pain the apples
Down, and children, hear their anxious
Fingers rustle in the wind, the gloves,
The white-faced children playing
By the moon. Smell the autumn's
Secrets in the blood, the race
To fear where aged men appear
That they may then depart.

-- Richard M. Kelly

I VALUE STONES

I value stones for surely
They sound out a price
When struck with echoes
Of human feet that trampled them.
I value birds and moons
And worry for the frogs and lilies
Swirling in a pond, and swirl,
Its motion I esteem as worthy
Of an ancient's dream, and so,
I value you, my gods,
Your wings, passions, power
And your stealth. You curve
Down time like words

For my pale whispers by the clock
Of day, today, a very silent hour
In the many of my past.
The pagan princes sit like toads
And croak beneath the sun
In my backyard, and nodding
Off to sleep I hear a splash
Spread full across the pool.
The wind upon the rocks, the blooms,
And birds weakly win the sun
Again as now I dream of God.

-- Richard M. Kelly

WRONG NUMBER

the foreign hands and feet that tear my window shades,
the masses that shape before my face and oggle
and picture me relegated to their damned cage
flailed and locked
quite finally in;...
the fires are preparing the burnt flowers of my hills,
the wall-eyed butcher spits
and flaunts his blade
backed by law, dullness and admiration --
how the girls rejoice in him: he has no doubts,
he has nothing
and gives him strength
like a bell clanging against the defenseless air...

there is no church for me,
no sanctuary; no God, no love, no roses to rust;
towers are only skeletons of misfit reason,
and the sea waits
as the land waits,
amused and perfect;

carefully, I call voices on the phone,
measuring their sounds for humanity and laughter;
somewhere I am cut off, contact fails;
I return the receiver
and return also
to the hell of my undoing, to the booming
larks eating my wallpaper
and curving fat and fancy in the bridgework
of my tub,
and waiting against my will
against music and rest and color
against the god of my heart
where I can feel the undoing of my soul
spinning away like a thread
on a quickly revolving spool;
oh night oh death oh love
take me, take me, take me!

-- Charles Bukowski

THOSE MECHANICAL SURVIVED

the room jammed
with clock movement
and open valves

turned there
where silence alone
wanted

and he lax
sprawled pale black
before dawn

a dreamer
with nerveless sounds
of clock and valve

and those mechanical
survived.

--Bob Nystedt

AND MAN WAS SLEEPING...

while blue wool waves
scratched like the low flying heron,
night sloped shoulders over leather
torn hills of crimson
slants, and slowly cranking
out light the stars
struck new signs in cobalt, banked up spaces.

the moon chewed hand clouds
until a will of light hung on
wind-tickled waters; nervously the heron
rose upward, wings scraping
night, and from angled feet,
lightly droplets of peace giggled
a momentary laughter on the cool waters.

now man of nuclear breath
and dog-toothed word and atom-hand
doing was still; at least cementing
himself in selfs of dreams.
and child branches, bumping grief-
hours, caught distant sounds of sleep,
and sighed in a constricted moment of tender relief.

--Harland Ristau

THE CHERRY TREE

Three young cherry trees six feet tall
Rise from fetlocks ringing thin stems
Where lawnmower never cuts -
Nor shears, because of my lazy phlegms.
Two trees stand dead and ooze out fungi;
The third hangs barely to life's hems.

Months ago we dug them up with spades
And brought them from the donor's lawn
And put them down in new moist holes.
"Chop dirt to meal to set them on;
Go easy on manure," you said.
"Chop manure in so it looks all gone.
Too much richness kills the roots;
Too much richness burns them wan."

Too much did kill two cherry trees;
Made the third wage a hard defense.
I like to think of that brave one,
Fighting against cruel opulence,
When logged with beer and potato chips,
When installment debts numb the sense,
While lusting through fat super markets,
Then I think of it with reverence.

-- Robert L. Tyler

I WAS TAKING HER HOME

From a party and it was pretty late
When she said,
"I hate to tell you this."

I parked in front
Of a million dollar motel
On the Venetian Causeway
With a boa constrictor
Wrapped around my belly.

"We can't get married," she said.
"You don't have enough money."

That was probably quite true
From where she stood,
But it didn't ease
The hold of the boa constrictor.

At five that morning
I breakfasted on Bourbon.

-- Lucius Daniel

GRAND CENTRAL RENDEZVOUS

"Meeting you like this,
It's wrong!" The voice low, vibrant,
Oblivious to all save her vis-a-vis.
A naturally blond specimen she,
Rare in this age of rinses,
Of in-bred, country stock.
Where was their chance encounter,
An editor's soiree?

What did she write, -
Sensitive, translucent vanity-published poetry?
However it was
She found him there,
Embodiment of a dream,
A flannel garbed figment
Imagined under cold winter stars
Or by a spring-swollen stream.

Her tone lowered, she queries,
Face flushing in the effort to be fair,
"And Mary, sweet Mary, how is she?"
He mumbles something in his cup.
She brightens, -Mary unwanted,
Now disposed of. Not Mary.
Marys don't get divorces,
Martyred, put upon, they wait.

Her innocence produces archaic words
Like 'doxies'. But for him, he makes it clear,
No light o'love. He's had all that
And found wanting.
As she gathers herself to leave,
Time forced to reality, she smiles
At this shell-spectacled male, gaunt
From strutting in Madison Avenue barnyards.

"Take care of my love," she says,
"I love him soe very much!"
"Don't," I almost cry,
"Leave the parlor, bedroom and bath games
To the transplanted. Go back to your woodland"

Even though I sense it its too late:
She would rather weep ten hundred ultimate tears
Than never know a man.

--Barbara J. Lownes

BEETROOT HOLIDAY

This is no beetroot holiday of mine
that takes the sword-struck stone aloft:
the crofter's death, the penetrating awl,
owl-shrieking musty noisomeness.
Fall, fall!

Downdrop, crashcrunch, outlight: mansbones,
minetimbers, oh careworn crawling blackface
minstrelman!
Sing Davy's blinking headlamp
while you can,
sing hockadaisy, hockadaisy: the can
canned, canny cancan can, ohyes it can.

And turn it offwith, downwith, outwith it!
Begone! Herwards the bedturn made is made and done:
no Canterbury cook his tell-tail-tour
allows-me-madame yet.
Gone fox, gone foxglove,
gone the foxenspoor.

-- Gren Grobis

THE INSERTED PILLAGE: an echo

Here is a green distrurbance on its way
oilstemmed,
wallwithery,
fat-and-fortyleaved:
I am as old as ancient
as godly and as sovereign-wise
as any pennyfarting odlster anywhere;
I am as young as breadfruit Cadillac
I am
chromegarnished, garnished, clopnightmare garnishe
all applecored I am
all mumbleseed and mulespread
all Romany Romanoff Romanmealed.
Here,
here,
here in the Widneysea what syrupspread?
fieldoozing, bullbearing, squishswarming
(pronounce that, damn you) while you wait
at the round lubricated door of every Kellyswap:
each one,
each new expectancy.

Give birth,
give birth,
a coupon comes with each:
free weedseed (sponsor's courtesy)
so
truck it up.
There is a green disturbance on its way.
Green, green, oh greenish green.

-- Gren Grobis

"LA SPIAGETTA DEI PESCOTORI" ON A POSTCARD

To Dev

There was no death in Venice
Because the Riviera had sought to bloom
Among cheap luggage and tourist trash
Blazing hot and over-stuffed like a Roman's tomb

Paris returns a kiss per kind
Provincial rejoiners forsake their route
While others count travelers checks
And beauty turns to go about the living

Who see Spanish nights sketched by Angelo
For those who know but do not really know art
But find comfort on a journey without fear
Of Hitler marching toward the golden circles

On a somber Roman afternoon.

A journey ends and one more ticket is punched.

They climb like apes.

"Look. I saw something like that at home."

Mark Anthony would run them with a blade
Yet what is Europe that people cannot see
When history books have often been wrong?
And how empty is a dying empty white swan,

When the lake freezes with a thousand years,
All dry and unloved, and free, inside, eternally?

--Conrad Kent Rivers

PYGMALION

I first met Carscallen at Toronto University, where we both took a course together in Catullus, but I never knew him well. He wore a scraggly beard in his second year, I think, and wrote poetry after the manner of Ezra Pound, which marked him off from all the other young men who wrote after the manner of T.S. Eliot. What else he did I neither knew nor cared. I never expected to meet him again, but I did, five years later.

He had changed little in those five years, except that he was plumper, and more frequently clean-shaven, and he drove a red sports car. And, it seemed, he had taken up painting.

"You mus come up and see my paintings sometime," he said. "I have a studio."

I mumbled something, expressing surprise that Carscallen had turned his hand to painting.

"I have talent," he replied. "Not genius, maybe," his voice was doubtful, "but talent."

It seemed he meant the invitation too. He gave me his address, and set a date, and for some reason, I said I would come.

It was a bona fide studio all right. Third floor, spacious, with a sky-light staring like the blind eye of a Cyclops into the Toronto atmosphere. Carscallen must have money, I thought. Perhaps a wealthy uncle had died, and unwittingly left his fortune to propogate the arts. The paintings were curious: surrealistic sunsets and forests decaying in a vaguely Picasso-esque atmosphere. All except one. Carscallen stopped in front of it.

"This is my latest," he said. "Greater maturity, wouldn't you say?"

"Uh-huh," said I. It was a woman. There could

be no doubt about it, even though her complexion was blue, and she had only one arm and one good eye, with which she fixed Carscallen with a possessive stare.

"This," said Carscallen, weightily, "is Galatea."

"Galatea?"

"Remember the old legend?" said Carscallen. "Pygmalion made his most beautiful statue and called her Galatea, and then he fell in love with it."

"But Galatea came alive," said I.

"Spiritually, yes."

"And besides, she was...at least, she was realistic," I went on. "This one is blue."

"How do you know she was realistic?" demanded Carscallen. "She was probably a rouged and enameled little trollop, with an archaic smile. But for Pygmalion she represented the love and beauty of all women. That's what my Galatea does for me."

She has udders like a cow, I thought. I tried again.

"But why is she blue?"

"That's the way I see it," said Carscallen. "And that's all I can do. Paint things the way I see them."

I guessed he was right, but even then I was a little doubtful. I came back to see Carscallen in his studio once again. Galatea was nearly finished, and she had developed a striking resemblance to one of Picasso's gargoyles of his blue period. Her complexion was egg-shell blue; there was a blue cast of fluorescent light over her face, and the fingernails on her one hand were deep green. She has only one eye, rising above her left temple like a periscope, but, except for that aberration which Carscallen assured me heightened her appeal, the eye looked like a replica of Carscallen's own.

I looked at her, and said polite things about her, while she stared back at me with her periscope eye in a most disconcerting manner. Carscallen probably

thought my praise a little luke-warm, for he didn't look me up again for three months.

At last he came to my apartment. It was dark, and he had a furtive air. He didn't want to come in.

"Come out for a drive," he said. "It's a nice night, and I want to talk to you about something."

" I'm rather busy."

"It won't be long, Jim, : he said. "I haven't a lot of friends I can talk to. Don't let me down."

"Well," said I, "I'll fetch my coat."

Carscallen had sold the sports car, I noticed. I mentioned it, and he mumbled something mysterious about there no longer being room in it. I soon understood what he meant.

Carscallen opened the door of his sedan, and there was Galatea, blue, one-eyed and smiling hideously. She looked like one of the monster children of Earth, whom Zeus is supposed to have defeated and bound in hell, but not, it appeared, beyond redemption. Carscallen turned to me, with pride and embarrassment struggling together on his face.

"I wish now," he said, rather wistfully, "I'd given her two arms. It;s terribly hard for her to do the cooking and washing with just one."

-- J. A. S. Evans

OF

FREE LANCE 'S annual soiree was at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Simon. Disclosed was the somewhat remote distinction of being a "little magazine in Cleveland. Mrs. Simon's library of "little magazines" (including such as Transition) was on display as an incentive to conversation, while champagne punch, dips and cookies served as pleasant distractions.

Entertainment ran thusly - singer, Anita Johnson; a trio consisting of Tom Nyfenger, flute (Cleveland Institute of Music graduate); Jerome Rosen, violin (affiliated with Cleveland Orchestra); and Harvey Wolfe, cello (formerly with Stokowski's orchestra in Texas and now with Washington Symphony) performed Haydn's London Trios. For the occasion the trio was named "The Free Lance Trio."

Mrs. Simon spoke on the agonies of Free Lance publishing after which Ellen Thornton, a pupil of Gladys Tiff, sang Stradella's Pieta, Signore.

Folk singing ensued and pizza with wine was served after which there was a discussion of the Stratford-on-Avon Composers Festival (Canada).

Cleveland's Hale Smith received a commission from New York's B.M.I. for a symphonic work commemorating that organization's twentieth anniversary. Among the composers commissioned with Smith were: Roger Sessions, Wallingford Riegger, William Schumann, and others.

Hearse Press, 3118 K Street, Eureka, California (E.V. Griffith, publisher) announces that it will publish OBJECTS, a collection of poems by Russell Atkins.

s.e. moray writes from Castro Valley, California and is new to our pages...CLARENCE MAJOR lives in Chicago and edited The Coercion Review. He has appeared in many magazines including Statements, Hearse, Yugen and G.S. Review ...RUSSELL ATKINS has been experimenting uncompromisingly with devices, ideas (invented and eclectic) since 1946. He has appeared in many magazines, among them View (1947), Voices, Botteghe Oscure, Western Review, Beloit Poetry Journal and others; a chapbook of his poems, Objects (Hearse Press) will contain poems dating from 1946-60...ROY McGREGOR-HASTIE was in Odalengo Piccolo (Alessandria), Italy when we received his poems. He has traveled many places, interviewed many people: among them T.S. Eliot...PETER JONES is the editor of New Helios, London, England - a magazine of poetry, and criticism...IRENE DAYTON has appeared in Free Lance before...CLARENCE ALVA POWELL is the Detroit representative of Experiment magazine he has appeared in Fiddlehead, Orient Review, Olivant and others ...E.W. NORTHNAGEL has had poems in many little magazines including Free Lance...JUDSON CREWS, needing no introduction to little magazine readers, continues in his many enterprises in Taos, New Mexico. He has been published in Chicago Review, Poetry (Chicago) and Accent...

RICHARD M. KELLY is presented here for the first time in Free Lance. He has been published in recent issues of Nomad ... CHARLES BUKOWSKI uninterruptedly receives publication; instances of which have been in Statements, G.S. Review, Hearse, Nomad and others... BOB NYSTEDT, the last received, was in Reno, Nevada. He has appeared in Free Lance before , writing as he does, unusual little poems... HARLAND RISTAU makes a second appearance in Free Lance; Nomad and Caravel mark others of his publications... LUCIUS DANIEL, BARBARA LOWNES and ROBERT L. TYLER are introduced to Free Lance's pages with this issue, along with J.A.S. EVANS... GREN GROBIS of Berkeley, California gives his vibrancy to Free Lance in an initial appearance with us... CONRAD KENT RIVERS a June graduate of Wilberforce University is now in New York City working on a novel, after studying at Indiana University; he is the author of the book of verse Perchance to Dream Othello (1959).

Casper LeRoy, Editor

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SHOW FARE, PLEASE

Tell me, Mama, can I get my show
Tell me Fare from you?
Or do you think that Papa's
Got change in his long pocket?
In the quarter of the Negroes
Where the mask is placed by others
IBM electric bongo drums are costly.
Tell me, Mama, tell me,
Strip tickets still illusion?
Got to ask you - got to ask!

Tell me, Tell me, Mama,
All that music, all that dancing
Concentrated on the essence of
The shadow of a dollar
Paid at the box office
Where the lighter is the darker
In the quarter of the Negroes
And the tell me of the Mama
Is the answer to the child.

Did you ever see ten Negroes
Weaving metal from two quarters
Into cloth of dollars
For a suit of good time wearing?
Weaving out of long term credit
Interest beyond caring?

The heads on these two quarters
Are This or That
or Less or Most
Since but two exist
Beyond the Holy Ghost

Of these three
is one
Me?

Show Fare, Mama, please,
Show fare, Mama.....
Show fare!

-- Langston Hughes

from ASK YOUR MAMA:
12 Moods for Jazz
published by Alfred A, Knopf
Autumn, 1961

TESTED IN HONOR

How couldI inherit adequacy
From a father straight of back
And cool as a rifle, a mother who
Kept rifling with understanding
But belittled every retrospect?

I walk with gun in hand, killed
Game dripping blood, a late sun
Settling in my mind, a paid-for
Voice whistling O Solo Mio
To a drifting of erstwhile doubts.

It isn't because I hunted alone
And aimed only at destructive
Fauna and minus a faithful dog,
But behind each coppice I saw
Both parents watching like gods.

Before their critical eyes I
Triggered away, mad like their kid,
Senseless again like they once
More amoral rascal; and they smiled
And loved each other of me.

What is as challenge I have a home
To face with pink children like sports
Who'll never deny any adage on earth,
When my proffered bounties hang
Like sacrificial rabbits from my hand?

-- David Cornel DeJong

DIMANCHE SUR LA GRANDE JATTE

Sabbath spared, when flitters guild and locust
From bridge to bay in echelon dispersed
And of touch free, as canon and ashoka
Stirred abbeys now of monks in roles reversed
Monoliths, as on the nile awoke, as
Stalagmites, eden-stones, tide's glaze view
first.
And other harbours grow of air and fire
Sill of byzantium, lagoon of tyre.

Masts unrigged with scope and keels unfocused
Fleet, firth restrained, till ingot-meadows
burst
In virtue and uranium off baroquist
Of cycles sped, his charge and change precursed
Cones and towers, above which veers the smoke,
Aster haze of hellas, isles in drift rehearsed.
And other havens triumph over mire
In brush verve venice, alcadiz in gyre.

Hand and craft, what elements thou yokest
What hoard of hills in air and glow immersed
From spring-depths and from night, flambeaux,
Custom dredged as matter for this whim and thirst
Squandered, yet, in wealth of chance evokest
Facade and pharos middle-sea loom nursed
Of illium, roofs valuted in desire
Where Orpheus wades, foam deathless on his
lyre.

-- Arnold L. Fishman

GODLOVECOUNTRYMOTHERHOME

when you die, Bubba,
you'll go into a place
where there are no poets
or even dirty words,
across a sea of grim truth
or beauty
into a well-lit room,
a furnished flat, perhaps,
where other
seekers after righteousness
will stand with hands in pockets
bored (almost) as hell

and in your eyes that harbor nothing
(god is the most happy fella)
save the good, the true, the beautiful
and the interesting,
this will be enough

when we die, Bubba,
it has been decided,
we shall sink immediate
into this grim truthful sea
and find a place where we, too,
may fornicate
and read the sunday comics

-- Carl Larsen

FUGUE

Only because she has not known
And will not understand any more
Than earless stones know sounds or water's call
To smooth death, do I write this.

Only because she must be told gently,
Lulled into a torpor so profound
That only farewells and nights black horror
Promised can intrude;

I would love her, yielding not as coward
To a brigand band, but as glistening
Beach assumes a foamy burden of sea,
Haltingly, with hisses.

I knew, not long, but far ago,
Before Aztecs of Ark with a stir
Or quaver of a moment: a shiver
Slipping through a realm of nerves.

They(from time) loved (in time)
Well, deliciously, savoring white arms
Connoisseur-like under stars. They loved
(With time) as subtle men conduct
Peninsular campaigns (for time)
Or topple ancient trees, engrossed.

And all men, vaguely raised in jade, printed
On rose-paper, tinily chewed
By tiger-violets hiding in the air,
Wish to love as if tomorrow, hunted
Through a jungle of days, could not be found.

Their dreams (and as dreams poems) unseen
they shrug
And wander off to beds and middle-age
Unknown. I would love her but for this,
Enamelled, hearing the million tiny
Coins of grief jingling in the pockets of my
mind.

-- Harold Grutzmacher

Summer 1952-June 1957

VIAL MATTER

Burning compulsory diversions
the rags of the forest make no decisions.

Hybrid nonsense looks ever so fashionable
in the alleyways of professional satori.

The leaves of my father have been
successfully scattered; the holes
on the estate fill with pungent reaction,
Diamond celebration. This is relation.

The unlimited ladder of yeast
reaching toward the heavens
and crumbling beyond Venus.

Solitary images will be trampled
in hysterical designs toward exits.

-- Marvin H. Bell

INTERLUDE

Silence saw the downward flight
and hushed colorless birds
lent Fortissimo
chords. an earthquake
of stability shattered a hundred
human
delusions.
in
the park that day there were tears.
the morning
after -- Tacit Renewal

-- Marvin H. Bell

DUST TO LIGHT

At the north pole of death
he saw borealis
this dead man.
and he knew that his life
had shattered into light.

That even his breath
was breathed by dragons now
in that age-old economy
that knows
that even the dusty petals
of a rose
are never lost.

Such is the conversation
of the eternal miser of creation.

Thus space
The one-celled monster
ingested him.
Now he moves
in some fortuitous concourse
toward some goal
of vastly more importance than his soul.

-- Lilith Lorraine

A RHYMED CHANT FOR ST. DAVID'S DAY

Blood sails no parasol this weekday week
(oh not St.-Clinging-Davy's Day, not yet
awhile)
but singing mouselove shamed
(pip-pip, pip-squeak)
in Irish eyelash dread
threads beadkiss after kiss
on rotsilk wire.

Blue-jabbered sound of toothless cyanide
crissing crossgrained the yell-devouring lyre:
kiss after/upon kiss.

Fly, battleship of whale-encumbered bone
(before corked gale, cooked ale--
before suppositoried wind-in-store)
fly, tenderwater farthing, till once more
green leek finds Cymric freudnest hat-indrawn
(Green, green, oh, greenish green
St.-singing-Davy's Day is/was now.)

Forget the invitation the invitation and the door
or
moreover, more
forget heart's pillowbeat - encompassed sighs,
forget her secret, cheeky, downcheeked thighs.

-- Gren Grobis

MY FRIEND AKIYAMA

Fawn-yellow swims she:
  Asia's cruel, knife-cruel ocean
  beats at the tips of her breast, asparagus
  tender;
that sea where the torn, withered centuries
  writhe,
  poisoned dragons,
  gutshot, scaled dragons
trapped in their Shanghai-tides of gray fish-
stench:
fawn-yellow swims she.

What did she give him, my friend Akiyama,
  because his skin was the color of her skin?
what did she give him
  for two cartons of Camels, and two cakes of
  Lifebuoy,
  and his pockets turned inside-out for their
  coins.
He kept it, and what did he give her?
  He is here;
  with the dragon fawn-yellow swims she.

-- Gren Grobis

GROUP OF HAIKU

I

The caterpillar
Eats the green leaves and they will
Become green wings.

II

Moth clouds fly into
The sun, the flame of the white
Candle of day.

III

I listen but I
Do not hear the paddling duck's
Feet under water.

IV

I who loved
Trees rest in marble and on
Grass - only hard stone.

V

The Manoyoshu lies
By the pool in the shade un-
Opened but well read.

VI

I wonder, having
Died bald, why the weeds grow so
Rank on my grave mound.

-- Frank Ankenbrand, jr.

variations on death and graves

I

Is to my dark flesh a home
born in a bloodless grave of truth,
some token dirt of which I bear alone
the never spoken truth.

Am I alive in the grammar of broken words?
Is to this soul am I a forlorn veil?
Count one, two, three and four,
Number me among those I failed to fail.

My drink, my staff, my rod,
My brown woman's vacant face;
With greater denials above this ground,
I call for God to take my place.

II

Chant for me:

Let all who understand
Rest for all times gone.
NOTHING IS NOTHING WHEN THERE IS
NOTHING TO FACE.

III

Still waters be mine
Cold grey stones bury me.
Why was I born to cry alone?
Am I timeless in misery?

Still waters be mine
I long for all things past,
Do not pity a dream gone dust
NOTHING IS ALWAYS THE LAST

Still waters be mine
Cold grey stones set me free.
The lonely voice of dawn
Belongs to a memory.

-- Conrad Rivers

ON A MYSTIC SUMMER NIGHT

By all things said and done
you left many well-lighted homes.
Now stand before the lonely night
- And tell me who you are?

Searches have brought only pieces of peace;
Anxiety tripped your walking stars:
This summer night is a yoke,
Of which the nothing of it all
Becomes a blinding fixed wonder-bar
Sparkling glimpses of no hope.

Each night a new moon.

Yet the distance between all things
Becomes a universal syndrome of blue ice
Sparkling cinders. Blazing hues.

Two things we can never do:
Go home.
Get happy.

-- Conrad Rivers

TIME AND GIN

I go beneath the land,
Taken all together I am a dream,
I knew you would not last the winter
Because Russian Springs never last a summer day
And I am all through
Passed away
Needing you again.

Should our passion have a death?
Strangers of our unbelief
Passing fellow strangers in the snow
Destined, by now
To have no place to go

Seated among vacant summers
We go too far beneath remembrance
So much talk, less we know
Austerity lies apart from grief
Leaving shapeless images in the snow.

-- Conrad Rivers

WILD PONIES

Where wild ponies survive
The shifting strand, over
The banks that cover treasure
Of ships long buried
In sand, long, long ago
The ghost ships landed
On mirages.

Like water the wild sands
Ran. Like water ran
The sable sand;
And over the treasure of sunken hulks
Wild ponies eat peach grass·
And wild seeds of peas.

-- Cleon Marquis

IN THE LAND OF KNOCKJONESBRAINSOUT

by
David R. Bunch

It was in the land of Knockjonesbrainsout in the squeeze years that I saw him wiring and welding. He had a metal suit that was shaped somewhat like a heart, and he was shaped like the suit. "I'm fixing myself in," he said sidewise to me as I came by rolling my colored beach ball in the way I do as I let the sun roll on across the sky while the people scurry and hurry.

"So you're fixing yourself in?" I said.

"Yes," he continued, "now is the time, and soon 'twill be riding time, and when I go I aim to do it in metal. I'm not feudal, but still it's the age of steel."

"You look like a heart," I said then, and I tried to do it aghast, though nothing surprises me enough anymore to really take me that much. But still, I thought he deserved some flutter from me. After all, when anyone goes to all that effort, and a suit to match!

"You look like a heart!?" I said.

"Yes," he said.

"Well...!?" I said. I twiddled my big, striped beach ball that I roll in dry and wet country. I tried to keep it on the blue. I find the blue stripe is fitting for almost any day. "Well...!?" I said.

"Would you care to go?" he said.

"Where?" I asked.

"With me," he said, "on a survey."

"I'm not doing anything," I admitted. "But I'd have to bring Roscoe."

"Roscoe?" He wondered.

I twiched an elbow in the direction of whom I meant. Roscoe behaved on a blue stripe. It even surprised Mr. Heart. "Surely," he said finally, "bring Roscoe. Do you have a horse?"

"A horse?" I asked. "Say, how old are you?"

"Quite a bit," he said.

"Horses went out way back with grandpa's beard." I told Mr. Heart, using a patience I seldom use. But somehow I liked Mr. Heart.

"Ho, ho," said Mr. Heart, "and ha ha too. I know what you mean. But wait till you see what I mean." He struck then two metal hands together and made a steel clash. And he moo-wroonked low, like the mating call of a frog. And though it was low, it shook nine city blocks. Roscoe for all displacement, heaved up in the air like a distance golf ball. "Hey! watch what you're doing," I cried out at Mr. Heart. But something whizzing took the air from what I said until not even I was sure whether or not I'd said it. Metal sheets whammed by like the beginning of the great day of the uncapped manholes, and the whinny the neighing steeds made sounded like horns tied down at noon.

"How do you like Gasbelly?" asked Mr. Heart.

I looked and I was overwhelmed. I couldn't say a word. I licked my lips, I flapped my tongue, I took in all the breath I could, but nothing happened. Gasbelly had me speechless all right. Mr. Heart saw that.

"Gasbelly is ready," said Mr. Heart. "And if you ride with me, you'll somehow have to match him."

"But how?" I asked.

"Anything for a pal," said Mr. Heart as he jerked a hacksaw loose from behind an ear and sawed a Gasbelly in half the long way. This Gasbelly proved to full of a lot of little Gasbellies. They lined up in a long line and grew. Then they began to move. "Quick! throw your line on the one you want," shouted Mr. Heart. So I threw a piece of wrapping cord around a lively sorrel job, and I saw Mr. Heart had a black. "These'll take us," said Mr. Heart, "these'll really take us." And I said, "Yes," out of breath.

We mounted up, Mr. Heart in his metal suit, and I in my bathing suit, though we were in the heart of dry country. "What'll we call our horses?" asked Mr. Heart.

"How about Gasbag for mine and Gassack for yours?" I suggested.

"Oh splendid," said Mr. Heart. "That way we'll remember Gasbelly. What's with Roscoe?"

"He can walk," I said. "I'll lead him in a special harness on a halter." So we got started, and perhaps we were a strange pair. "Roscoe can be the dog," I said to Mr. Heart.

"What a splendid idea!" agreed Mr. Heart. "A beach-ball dog - it's a new thing!"

"I'll take papers out on him tomorrow," I replied. "And when we pass field trials, we'll just enter the pooch."

'S plendid," said Mr. Heart, "splendid. And he might win. But on the other hand, there's always convention of course, and some people expect dogs on legs."

"I know," I said, "but anything might happen and has of course."

So we rolled on through the land of Knockjonesbrainsout in the years of squeeze. The people of that vast country were whamming each others brains out, slamming each others guts, and a kick in the pants was the least you could get from a cousin or a brother. The milk of human kindness was the color of good port wine where the dead stacked, and the people loved each other, just like that. We met five Legs who said they were of that benevolent brotherhood called Kick-a-Brother-Good, and they'd surely been doing it, and now they were a little pooped, excuse them please, out of the way, they had to be getting on. So they whammed us five good ones ere they passed, and we lifted our hats in admiration toward the sheer audacity of them all and quaintness of the club.

When we came to the hall of the great Somehow Get-It, we were ready for refreshments. So we parked everything behind sculptured hedgerows and slipped in by bridge, across mock-moat. And the giant Somehow Get-It wasn't, when you saw him with his business pants off, a giant at all! He was just a skimpy little wrinkled-up with no hair, false teeth, gumboils, and he had ulcers all over the insides

of his foul stomach it was rumored. When Mr. Heart bobbed in and confronted him with the metal suit, Get-It stared and rubbed his eyes twice and looked at the glass he'd been drinking stuff from. Then he shrieked, "Oh God, my God," and he rang a big noise out of a tiny black button on a mahogony wall. A wall. A servant came as though life were at stake, though only job was, and stood at attention. "Louis!" shrieked Get-It, for Louis was the servant's name, "for God's sake, Louis, get Deeks on the accounts for charities and have him increase everything by a million. No! two million. Oh I have just seen the worst thing, oh God: a heart in a metal suit. Louis! I saw it! In a metal suit, walking - get to the charities! And when Deeks is through with that have him buy some more art objects, the famous good ones. Oh how my soul thirsts just now for splendid things like sunrises..."

"Please, Mr. Get-It," insisted Mr. Heart, we're tired and really thirsty. We've been riding Gasbag and Gassack for many a long mile, and leading Roscoe too. Do you think we could have, maybe, water and a tiny piece of pie? And maybe a bone too, huh, for Roscoe?"

Mr. Get-It flung his arms toward the ceiling, hit his ears, rubbed his eyes, and took on the green look of fear. "A heart in a tin can, talking" he muttered. Then he seized his glass and cracked it a thousand ways against a wall. When he stood then with his shoulders padded in the rich robe before the imitation fireplace, he was just an old and little man who couldn't fling his accumulation at the dark. For the dark sared noncommittal from the ornate halls and many rooms and didn't care even a little wormy fig for Mr. Get-It's accumulation, not even the famous good art objects. But

dark had, to be sure, some ribboned flowers
dy for Mr. Get-It, and very soon now; and
Get-it chewed his false teeth down on empty
oughts while the imitation fire filled the room
h a kind of nothing...

When again we were mounted upon Gasbag
Gassack, Mr. Heart said, "You know, I
lt kind of sorry for Mr. Get-It. Because he
dn't really get it, if you know what I mean."
I could but nod "Yes" into the wind of
lingas welifted our mounts to great speed.
scoe rolled behind in his special harness and
lter. We were going to call on some desk
ople.

We arrived at Dustt just behind bedtime,
te one night, and called on a man known as
Gogogo-8-to-5 and a dieted body known as
ss Efficiency Shorthand-and-Dictation. They
re having medium-late cocktails in her apart-
t. I let Mr Heart do the talking and he moved
ght into the questions. "Do you think there
much of the spirit of me in either of you?"
s his first query. Miss Efficiency Shorthand
d Dictation exhibited a stupid gape and super-
lious stare as she said, "Goo," or something
ry intelligent just like that, all the whole
ile looking quite pretty or at least well-
oomed. Mr. Gogogo-8-to-5 looked chairman-of-
e-board under questioning and put in the
uivalent of "Gub" as his initial part of the
oss examination, although that may or may
t have been his exact statement. "Do you
ople know Mr. Somehow-Get-It?" asked Mr.
art then. "We work for him!" gurgled Miss
ficiency Shorthand-Dictation happily without
nking. "He's our Big Bosso" bragged Mr.
gog-8-to-5, without even thinking of thinking.

"There's no use to continue any of my questions here," Mr. Heart then said, and we left fast for fresher air.

When again we were on our way, Mr. Heart didn't say a word. He just rode with all of him in his metal container. "When I see something like those two," I said, "I just want to take a good long swim, way out." Mr. Heart, who once confided in me that he had hoped to be a famous poet, popped his head out of the metal neckhole, but he couldn't speak. His eyes, I thought, looked like two spreading holes of silver washing away. Yes, he was crying.

We rode on and on then, across many strange miles and through several weathers. And everywhere we found people. They were just Get-It and Gogogo and Miss Efficiency over and over so much that Mr. Heart rode more and more finally with nothing out of his metal suit but the appendages required to ride Gassack. I rode Gasbag, noncommit and cared only for Roscoe, the beach-ball dog. So how I knew he was as good as all kinds of people, a long ago I had given up and made my peace with eve ualities, as well as with sun, wind, and raw weathe When we came to a piece of water, I would swim ar not care; I would lie in the sun. Mr. Heart, who still cared, cried almost all of the time, riding in his metal envelope.

OF

There is a similarity between America's
tude toward the intellectuality of a certain
al minority among its citizens and that of
pe's attitude toward the artistic originality
merica. In both instances the prevailing
iment seems to be that the racial minority
he former case and America in the latter
are "imitators." Europe seems to say:
here anything you can do or express with
English language not found done and ex-
sed in Engalnd's glorious tradition, or
equently, France's or Germany's tradition?
may be done and expressed in music or
ting in America that has not been done and
essed by us? And supposing there were these
gs to be expressed toward an American tradi-
, isn/t the language -? of course, English!
we can suppose that state of affairs etern-
settled). How can it be "American" and
ish and not be corrupted English? As for
c, isn't the whole pedagogy borrowed? Can
e be original music on borrowed pedagogy
ly? Jazz? Merely OUR pedagogy "corrupted."
may have jazz. We have our Bach. And
ting -? etc. etc. Finally,- though we
lly spare you this revelation - you ought
ome to your senses: why act of artistic
tion of any kind - i.e., of any value -
nitating our Europe. Doing such things
not possibly be "American." So you see,
only thing for America is not to do these
gs at all. Be the barbarians necessary
naintaining European cultural supremacy.

This attitude is similar to that of many
ricans" toward a certain racial minority.

A paradox hidden in the American ideal has made this acceptable to many, more or less. America has not decided whether to be a positive democracy (utter amalgamation of everything toward some original image-ideal) or a negative democracy (the right to contract into many exclusive image-ideals with the rejection of such phenomenon as an "American" except as an indifferent bureaucracy). In a negative democracy one would escape charges of "imitation" by extending Europeanism, per se, into a non-entity called "america." Under circumstances of this kind it would be difficult for racial minorities to represent an "america" since many "americans" would not (and do not) accept them as representative. And then, would there be anything to represent? Of democracy, both negative and positive, it can be said that while both types can be legitimately democratic, the latter wants a capital "A" and the former a small "a" in the name of this country.

A Fool Turns Clockwise (American Weave Press) by James L. Weil and A Giant of My World (Golden Quill Press) by Harold Grutzmacher: books received some time ago. Weil has recently issued another book; he seems to prefer technique as the servant of "meaning." His is conspicuous content instaed of conspicuous technique (no difference in the value of either to our way of thinking since technique "mean"). He seems cautiously dissatisfied in mood, eclectically affirmative, but perhaps complacent technically. Society does not ask more of poetry today. Grutzmacher has more vig He strives as many do, for a beauty of meaning. There is is courage in

an attempt to make one's poetry chiefly dependent upon the beauty of its meaning and Mr. Grutzmacher's very considerable courage represents this accomplishment. The peril in this approach cannot be pursued in detail in this brief note, but need not concern an interested reader who will find many exquisite lines in Mr. G's poetic world.

Enumerations: (1) magazines with adamant editorial preferences! Very often it is hard to tell the difference between the poetry published in such magazines and the type of poetry that magazines profess to oppose... (2) Contemporary criticism seems to be to take a poem's excellent lines and describe them as "bad" after a vacuously bad line is selected as really representative of the poet's voice...(3) Who has not noticed how superficially people read today? e.g., if a poem uses the word "gloom" once or so, a "perceptive" critic describes the work as "gloomy." When by some chance the word "obscene" appears in a descriptive passage of a work, the work is liable to be called that. Everyone seems to read comparatively: As if the word tree in two quite separate works automatically makes both of them works on botany, not to mention the word "ego" in a work: doubtless something on Freud.

A definition of artifice necessary to poetry: (1) Ingenious expedients or contrivances; (2) Dexterous maniulations causing (3) resemblance to "natural" but opposed to it as in synthetic: (4) Fictitious, as in fiction or imagined: (5) Not evolving "naturally" but devised, invented or created by calculation and labor

conspicuously; (6) Strategy, i.e., bringing effects about through planned ambiguity as in the manner of "nature," eye-brain imagery, visuality, smell as taste, time-space; (7) Cultivated.

Received: Announcements of new magazines: The Chat Noir Review, Robert Herron Ingalls, publisher, P.O. Box 4377 Chicago 80; also Poet and Critic, William Tillson, editor, 420 Heavilon Hall, Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana.

-- Russell Atkins

IN THIS ISSUE.....

LANGSTON HUGHES, long a devoted friend, and board member gave us permission to print a poem from his forthcoming book ASK YOUR MAMA (Knopf) he needs no introduction... David Cornell DeJong has appeared in Atlantic Monthly, Harpers, and others... ARNOLD FISHER has appeared in Nomad... MARVIN H. BELL is editor of Statements ... FRANK ANKENBRAND, CLEON MARQUIS, and DAVID R. BUNCH are all new to the pages of Free Lance ... LILITH LORRAINE is a well known writer anthologist and author... CARL LARSEN writes from New York and has appeared in FL and Beloit Poetry Journal... HAROLD GRUTZMACHER AND GREN GROBIS appear again in these pages... CONRAD RIVERS now lives in Chicago working on a play and a novel, he recently appeared in Kenyon Review and Antioch Review.

The editor recently left Wilberforce University, which had been so kind in harboring Free Lance for ten fruitful years. The Cleveland offices remain at 6005 Grand Avenue; however the editor now lives at 2904 Twenty-second Street, Niagara Falls, New York.